

I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wandered by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill ;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still,
There was no sound of grasshopper
No chirp of any bird ;
And the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid ;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, no, he came not !
The moon came out alone,
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on its golden throne.
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were falling,
When something stood behind,
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew the touch was kind ;
It drew me nearer, nearer,
We could not speak a word,
And the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.